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An Excellent BALLAD OF Noble Marqueſs and Patient *Griſſel.*

To the Tune of, The Bride's Good-morrow, &c.

A Noble Marqueſs
As he did ride a hunting,
hard by a forreſt ſide,
A fair and comely Maiden,
As ſhe did ſit a ſpinning,
his gentle eye eſpy'd:
Moſt fair and lovely,
And of comely grace was ſhe,
although in ſimple attire;
She ſung full ſweetly,
With pleaſant voice melodiouſly,
which ſet the Lord's heart on fire.
The more he lookt, the more he might,
Beauty bred his heart's delight:
And to this Damoſel
then he went with ſpeed,
God ſpeed, qd. he, *thou famous Flower,*
Fair Miſtreſs of this homely bower,
Where love and vertue
dwells with ſweet content.

With comely geſture
And modeſt mild behaviour,
ſhe bids him welcome then;
She entertained him
In faithful friendly manner,
and all his Gentlemen:
The noble Marqueſs
In his heart felt ſuch a flame,
which ſet his ſenſes all at ſtrife,
Quoth he, *Fair Maiden,*
Shew me ſoon what is thy name,
I mean to make thee my Wife.
Griſſel *is my name*, quoth ſhe,
For unfit for your degree;
ſilly Maiden,
And of Parents poor.
Nay, Griſſel, *thou art rich*, he ſaid,
A vertuous, fair and comely Maid:
Grant me thy love,
and I will ask no more.

At length ſhe conſented,
And being both contented,
they married were with ſpeed;
Her country ruſſet
Was chang'd to ſilk and velvet,
as to her ſtate agreed:
And when that ſhe
Was trimly tired in the ſame,
her beauty ſhin'd moſt bright,
Far ſtaining every other
Fair and princely Dame,
that did appear in ſight:
Many envied her therefore,
Becauſe ſhe was of Parents poor,
And 'twixt her Lord and ſhe
great ſtrife did raiſe:
Some ſaid this, and ſome ſaid that,
And ſome did call her Beggar's Brat,
And to her Lord
they wou'd her oft diſpraiſe:

O noble Marqueſs,
Quoth they, *why diſt thou wrong us,*
thus baſely for to wed,
Who might have gotten
An honourable Lady
into your princely bed?
Who will not now
Your noble Iſſue ſoon deride,
which ſhall hereafter be born,
That are of blood ſo baſe
Born by the Mother's ſide,
the which will bring them in ſcorn?
Put her therefore quite away,
And take to you a Lady gay,
Whereby your Lineage
may renowned be.
Thus every day they ſeem'd to prate
That malic'd *Griſſel*'s good eſtate;
Who all this while
took it moſt patiently.

When that the Ma
Did ſee they were
againſt his lawf
Whom he moſt de
Tenderly and inti
beloved as his li
Mino ng in ſecret
For to try her pati
thereby her Fo
Thinking to ſhew
A hard diſcourteo
that Men might
Great with Child
And at the laſt it c
Two goodly Chil
at one birth ſhe
A Son and Daugh
Which did their M
And which did ma
their Father's he

Great royal feaſtin
Was at theſe Child
and princely tri
Six weeks together
All Nobles that ca
were entertain'd
And when that
Sporting quite wa
the Marqueſs
For his young Dau
And his pritty mi
declaring his ful
How that the Babes
For ſo the Marquel
Come let me have
the Children her
With that fair Gi
She wrung her hand
My gracious Lord
muſt have his will

She took the Babes
Even from the Nurſ
between her ten
She often wiſhes
With many ſorrow
that ſhe might ca
Farewel, farewel,
A thouſand times my
never ſhall I ſee yo
'Tis long of me
Your ſad and woful A
for whoſe ſake both
Had I been born of R
You might have liv'd
But you muſt die
for my unworthineſ
Come Meſſenger of D
Take my deareſt Babe
And to their Father
my complaint expr

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e Marquess
ere pent thus,
awful Wife,
ft dearly,
intirely
is life;
ciet
patient heart,
Foes for to disgrace,
hew her
rteous part,
ight pity her case;
nild the Lady was,
it came to pass,
Children
she had;
ughter God had sent,
ir Mother well content,
d make
's heart full glad.

calling
Childrens christening,
ly triumph made;
ether
at came thither,
tain'd and staid;
at all the pleasant
te was done,
esa Messenger sent
g Daughter
y smiling Son;
his full intent,
Babes must murdered be,
rquess did decree:
ave
n her, he said;
r Grissel wept full sore,
r hands, and said no more
Lord
his will obey'd.

Babes
e Nursing-ladies,
r tender arms;
es
orrowful kisses,
ght ease their harms:
ul,
ns my Children dear;
ee you again;

ful Mother here,
h both must be slain,
n of Royal Race,
e liv'd in happy case.
is
rhiness;
r of Death, quoth she,
f Babes to thee,
ther
s express.

He took the Children,
And to his noble Master
he bore them thence with speed,
Who in secret sent them
Unto a noble Lady,
to be brought up indeed:
Then to fair *Grissel*
With a heavy heart he goes,
where she sat mildly all alone;
A pleasant gesture,
And a lovely look she shows,
as if no grief she had known:
Qd. he, *My Children now are slain,*
What thinks fair Grissel *of the same?*
Sweet Grissel *now*
declare thy mind to me.
Sith you my Lord are pleas'd with it,
Poor Grissel *thinks this action fit;*
Both I and mine
at your command will be.

My Nobles murmur,
Fair Grissel, *at thy honour,*
and I no joy can have,
Till thou be banish'd
Both from my court and presence,
as they unjustly crave:
Thou must be strip'd
Of thy brave garments all,
and as thou cam'st to me
In homely gray,
Instead of bise and purest pall,
now all thy cloathing must be.
My Lady thou must be no more,
Nor I thy Lord, which grieves me sore,
The poorest life
must now content thy mind:
A groat to thee I dare not give,
Thee to maintain while I do live,
Against my Grissel,
such great Foes I find.

When gentle *Grissel*
Did hear these woful tydings,
the tears stood in her eyes,
Nothing she answered,
No words of discontentment
did from her lips arise.
Her velvet gown
Most patiently she stripped off,
her kertle of silk with the same;
Her tuffet gown
Was brought again with many a scoff,
to hear them herself she did frame:
When she was dress in this array,
And ready for to pass away,
God send long life
unto my Lord, quoth she;
Let no offence be found in this,
To give my Lord a parting-kiss;
With watery eyes,
Farewel, my Dear, said she,
From princely palace
Unto her Father's cottage
poor *Grissel* she is gone;
Full fifteen winters
She lived there contented,
no wrong she thought upon.
And at this time through
All the land the speeches went,
The Marquess should married be
Unto a noble Lady
Of high descent,
and to the same all Parties did agree
The Marquess sent for *Grissel* fair,
The Bride's bed chamber to prepare,
That nothing therein
might be found awry.
The Bride was with her Brother come,
Which was great joy to all and some:
But *Grissel* took all this
most patiently.

And in the morning
When as they should be wedded,
her patience there was try'd,
Grissel was charged
Herself in friendly manner
for to attire the Bride:
Most willingly
She gave consent to do the same;
the Bride in bravery was dress,
And presently
The noble Marquess thither came,
with all his Lords at his request
O Grissel, *I will ask of thee,*
If to this match thou wilt agree?
Methinks thy looks
are waxed wondrous coy,
With that they all began to smile,
And *Grissel* she reply'd the while,
God send Lord *Marquess*
many years of joy.

The Marquess was moved,
To see his best Beloved
thus patient in distress;
He stept unto her,
And by the hand he took her,
these words he did express:
Thou art my Bride,
And all the Bride's I mean to have;
these two thine own Children be.
The youthful Lady
On her knees did blessing crave,
her Brother as well as she.
And you that envy her estate,
Whom I have made my chosen Mate,
Now blush for shame,
and honour vertuous life;
The Chronicles of lasting fame,
Shall evermore extol the name
Of Patient GRISSEL,
my most constant Wife.

T. Norris, at the Looking-glass on London-bridge; And sold by J. Walker, in High Holborn.